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Perhaps, however, as algebra is now employed so often as a mode of elementary exposition, the powers of geometry may not have been exhausted as an instrument of high investigation. In the papers which form the subject of our foregoing notice, Mr. McCullagh has, on the whole, sought rather to illustrate known theorems by elegant geometrical demonstrations, than to open for himself a field entirely new; since, though the method which he uses, and most of the steps, are his own, yet the grand results had before been obtained by others. But he has given a favourable omen that he may hereafter apply his facility of geometrical conception, not only to illustrate but to discover. Let us, therefore, hope that he will aim at this brilliant union; and we, though ourselves devoted analysts, shall attend him with the sincerest good wishes, and give him our most cordial applause.

W.

A FAREWELL.

I could not see thee on thy bridal day,
 I could not mingle with the festal throng;
 Though not perchance less fervently than they
 I wished thee richest bliss, unmixed and long—
 But not at once are quelled those feelings strong,
 Which held entire dominion o'er the mind,
 Nor high resolve hath power, nor charm of song,
 At once the wounded spirit to upbind,
 Or do the trace away that love hath left behind.

To me thou canst not be what thou hast been—
 The polar star in Hope's high firmament—
 The fount that made life's desert pathway green—
 The spell that bound me wheresoe'er I went;
 The treasure of my musings, the dream blent
 With many a rainbow hue of far delight,
 O'er which my fancy but too fondly bent;—
 The prize my young ambition to invite—
 The one dear thought that tinged all else with its own light.

Seldom, how seldom! shall we meet again,
 And stranger-like, and part as strangers part;
 I shall, perhaps, be quite forgotten then,
 And chilled may be this once impassioned heart.
 Yet though no more my star of hope thou art—
 My spring of loftiest, sweetest fantasy—
 Thy cherished image never shall depart,
 Still will I wish all joy to wait on thee,
 Still pray thy lot on earth a younger heaven may be.

W. R. H.